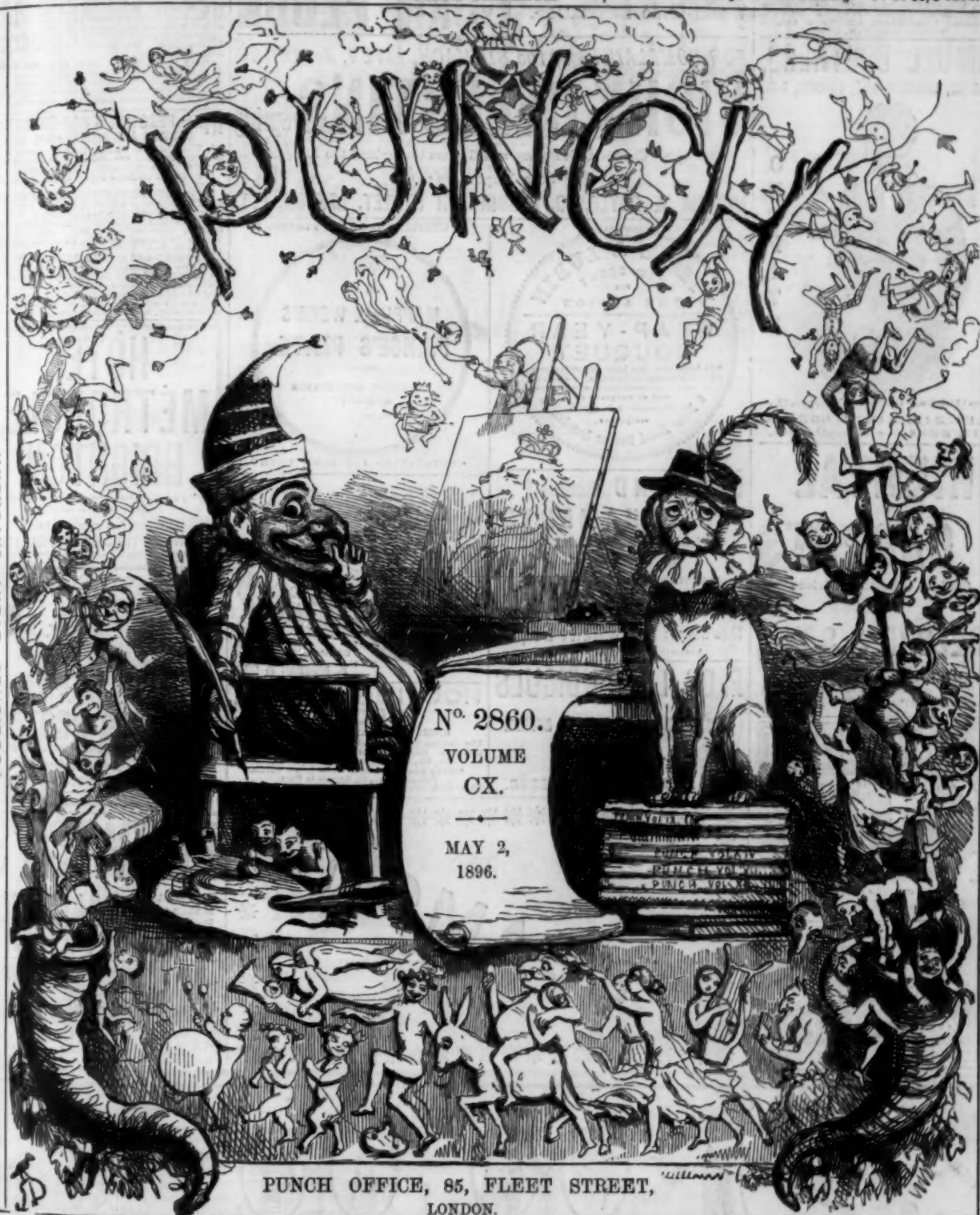


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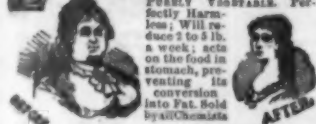
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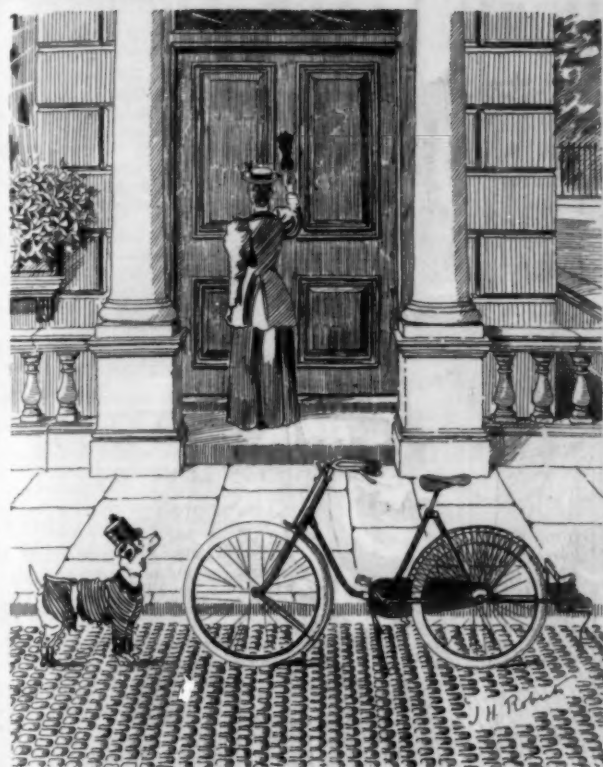
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N.B.—The Dog not only lends brilliance to equipage by his liveried presence, but guards the machine, in the absence of his master or mistress, against that ubiquitous miscreant, the cycle thief.

THAT GAME OF GOLF.

No. III.

WELL, the row being over, and the objectionable parties gone, we continued, that is, POFFLES, SLOGUM, and myself. All more or less ruffled, as you may imagine if you remember the scene I described in the previous number. We managed to get through the next four holes somehow without coming to blows, although it was wonderful what a number of strokes it required. I saw POFFLES slogging away in one place for about a quarter of an hour, swearing all the time; it was a sort of ditch, with stones in it, and he drove every mortal thing out of that ditch except his ball, including about a cart-load of earth. I couldn't think why he should choose that ditch to play in.

SLOGUM was not much better; and as for my ball, it went on in the most extraordinary way. Sometimes it went round to the left, and sometimes to the right; but mostly it *stayed where it was*, or hopped a yard or two. One of my caddies said I ought to "take a bit of the turf with it," and the other said I played "too much of a cricket stroke"; and a man who was looking on said he thought I didn't hit hard enough, and smiled. Sometimes I got a bit mad with it, and then I always used the niblick, and that generally fetched it along together with some square feet of turf and a shovelful of mud and stones.

POFFLES and SLOGUM argued all the time, but I couldn't understand what they said. SLOGUM said he didn't like POFFLES' "style" at all; that he hadn't any "swing" to speak of, and didn't "go through with it"; and POFFLES said that it was better to have his style than to have none at all, like SLOGUM; and then SLOGUM got riled, and whenever POFFLES got in a bad place, which he did mostly all the time, SLOGUM would go and watch him, and offer him sarcastic advice.

While they were slanging each other I got into more trouble, too. I didn't know exactly where the next hole was, and it didn't seem to me to matter much, so I just played about on the *best grass* I could find. My caddies got tired of offering me different clubs, as I stuck to my

niblick, so they went off and played cards under a tree. POFFLES had got into another ditch, as far as I could see, and SLOGUM was showing him how to "loft" a ball out of six inches of mud.

Well, while I was practising with the niblick, I found a beautiful new ball which I picked up and put in my pocket, and not far off there was another one, which I also picked up, and looked round to see if there were any more. Presently an old gentleman comes up, with a flaming red face and his eyes starting out of his head, and stutters out, "What the blank blank do you mean by picking up my ball?" So I said it wasn't his ball, and that I had found it. That seemed to make him worse, and he got so mad that he couldn't speak, and another man behind him came up and said I had better "put the balls down and get off the green," or he'd break my head first and report me to the committee afterwards. Then I got angry, and was just telling them what I thought of them, when POFFLES and SLOGUM came up, and said I was a fool and took the balls away and gave them to the old gentleman; but even that didn't satisfy him, as he kept turning back and swearing at us at intervals as he went away, and muttering something about losing a medal through a darned jackanapes who didn't know a golf ball from a mushroom. The other man appeared to be trying to console him with some remarks about "Dormie 4," and the "rub of the green," but what he was driving at I don't know, as the green didn't seem to me to be rubbed anywhere, and if it was I hadn't done it. In fact I couldn't see what was the matter at all, and POFFLES and SLOGUM talked so fast and made such a noise that I couldn't hear what they said, so I said I should go home, as it seemed to me a silly sort of game, in spite of the niblick, and I was fairly mad too.

We agreed to play one more hole, however, and the drive was over a large pond. POFFLES drove first, and got beautifully into the middle of the pond, and SLOGUM did the same thing. Then POFFLES said they would both drive again; which they did, and they put two more balls into the pond, and then two more after that. I began to think the hole must be in the pond somewhere, but I wasn't sure. Then POFFLES said he could get the balls out if SLOGUM would help him; and they both got into a kind of punt, and floated out, and POFFLES scraped about after the balls, while SLOGUM steered the punt. Then, just as POFFLES was reaching after a ball, he lost his balance, and clutched at SLOGUM, and they both went wallop into the pond together, and fought each other in the water. I didn't know if this was part of the game, but the caddies and I enjoyed it thoroughly; and then we hauled them out, and they were a sight for the gods.

After this we went back to the kit-cat room, and changed, and had dinner. POFFLES and SLOGUM were quite pleased with themselves, and talked so much about their strokes, that I came to the conclusion I had missed some extraordinary play by not watching them closely enough; but, though I had not covered myself with glory in the same way, yet I felt I had spent quite a lively afternoon, and it would be a long time before I forgot that game of Golf.

AFTER THE PLAY WAS OVER.

SCENE—Smoking-room in the Parthenon. PRESENT—The customary habitués.

Notice (country member). What do you think of Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES's new piece, *The Rogue's Comedy*?

Old Playgoer (member of twenty years' standing). It recalled to me many pleasant memories.

Young Playgoer (just elected). Speak for yourself. The character of Mr. Bailey Prothero was quite new.

Old Playgoer. To you, my dear lad; but you never saw GOT as Mercadet and CHARLEY MATHEWS in the *Game of Speculation*.

Young Playgoer. But surely the sudden rise to fortune of the Rogue, and the as sudden fall, were quite original?

Old Playgoer. So you imagine in your inexperience.

Young Playgoer. And the notion of making Bailey Prothero spare his son the knowledge of his disgraceful past was fresh?

Old Playgoer. Not entirely, because Madame de Fontaine was equally reticent to her son in *Long Ago*, and Odette was as kind to her daughter in the play to which she gave the title.

Young Playgoer. And surely Mr. Robert Cushing, as the confederate and sneak, was a novel creation?

Old Playgoer. Would have been had not Robert Macaire introduced Jacques Strop.

Young Playgoer. But, come, the piece was interesting?

Old Playgoer. Certainly. Oh yes. Certainly.

Notice. Then if you agree upon that point you will accompany me to the *Rogue's Comedy* at the Garrick?

Both Playgoers (hurriedly). Thanks; but we have seen it once! [Curtain.]



"STRATFORD ON WASHINGTON."

Punch (to Shakespeare). "SIR, HOW LIKE YOU THIS LETTER?" *Shakespeare*. "THE PRESIDENT PROTESTS TOO MUCH MEETHINGS!"

"Surely if English speech supplies the token of united effort for the good of mankind and the impulse of an exalted international mission, we do well to honour fittingly the name and memory of WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE."—*Letter from President Cleveland, read at the Birmingham Dramatic and Literary Club on the Thirty-second annual Shakespeare Commemoration. Vids "Times," April 22.*

SPORTIVE SONGS.

THE ROMANTIC GUARDSMAN TO A DIVINITY
AT HAWTHORN HILL.

On Hawthorn Hill we meet to-day,
And pic-nic 'mid the springtide sheen,
Where dainty promises of May
Are given by the April green;
Where dame and damsel deck the stand,
And blossom-girt the paddock grace;
They love the luncheon and the band,
And lamblike gamble on each race.

From near and far, on pleasure bent,
They've flock'd to see the equine strife,
And so to Berkshire fields is lent
A passing thrill of London life.
This is the morning of the year!
The starting of a new campaign!
And Coldstream, Soot, and Grenadier
Bring sunshine with a deal of rein!

And you, the fairest maid of all,
Make music with your merry tones!
You laugh to see the riders fall,
And never think of broken bones!
Of life-guards you might have your choice—
Your spirits would not stand the "blues"—
To tell I know how you rejoice
To fence a question—yet refuse.

The day is done, and once again
You've waved your hand and smiled
"adieu!"

Still in the rumbling of the train
Hope sings a song that tells of you.
Love in a cottage! 'twould be heaven!
We will not care for wealth or rank!—
Great CÆSAR'S ghost! it's nearly seven!
And I'm on duty at the Bank!

NAVAL INTELLIGENCE?

THE eye of Mr. Punch, rolling as usual in a fine Imperial frenzy over land and sea, losing sight of nothing that makes for the greatness of our glorious empire, has not failed to rest for a moment upon the special number of the *Navy League Journal* for the current month, in which novel and brilliant ideas abound. The most brilliant of all flash from the editorial pages, for which the *Navy League* itself is responsible. A truly noble spirit animates these official pages, for although the British sailor receives the highest praise, even the British soldier is, in a sense, recognised as a sort of brother. "England's soldiers are England's sons, though their coats are red instead of blue." Why they should be blue is not stated. As it is obviously by birth that both soldiers and sailors become England's sons, it is hard perhaps to see why it is a reproach to the soldier to be "red instead of blue." We have it on high authority that the son of *Dombey* was born very red, and this may probably be some excuse for the young soldier. But the *Navy League* considers that he should be blue, and certainly the gallant record of the Blues gives some encouragement to its idea.

We pass to higher matters. "For generations past," says the *Navy League*, "the horizon spread before the eyes of our young manhood has been almost boundless in extent, and the field for the exercise of their energies and for the cultivation of all the nobler powers of the mind, almost limitless." Surely the grandeur of these thoughts must be apparent to everyone who pays himself the compliment of reading *Punch*! Cavillers may object that an horizon "spread out" and "almost boundless" must have been a curious object for our young manhood to have gazed upon; but no exception can possibly be taken



Photographer. "I THINK THIS IS AN EXCELLENT PORTRAIT OF YOUR WIFE."
Mr. Smallwood. "I DON'T KNOW—SORT OF REPOSE ABOUT THE MOUTH THAT SOMEHOW DOESN'T SEEM RIGHT."

SONG OF THE RATELESS LAND.

FROM THE ORIGINAL OF SALIS(BURY).

AIR—"Song of the Silent Land."

On to the Rateless Land!
Ah! who shall lead us thither?
Tory and Liberal Unionists together
(Whilst ROSEBERRY'S wreck lies shattered on
the strand)
Will lead us gently hand-in-hand
Thither, O thither
On to the Rateless Land!
On to the Rateless Land!
To you, ye rural regions
Of CHAPLIN'S preference. Bright and hopeful
visions
Haunt the Protectionist! The Union band,
ARTHUR and JOSEPH, who together stand,
Will strew Hope's beauteous blossoms
Over the Rateless Land!

O, Land! O, Land!
Lately so broken-hearted
At Corn Laws smashed, and rubbing
Allotments.
JON, with inverted polley, doth stand
To pour wealth, from the Cockney hand,
(Blest boon 'twixt Squire and Parson parted
On to the Rateless Land!

PLAYING "YORKERS."

THE *Gay Parisienne*, libretto by GEORGE DANCE and music by IVAN CARTLL. What combination of names in connection with the authorship of a musical piece could be happier than those of DANCE and CAROL? With Mr. LIONEL RIGNOLD out of Drury Lane melo-



The "New Woman" at the Duke of York's.

drama and pantomime, Mr. DENNY, late of the Savoy and elsewhere, and Mr. FRANK WHEELER particularly good as a French spy (especially when he sings in plain English, without any trace of foreign accent), the ball is kept up. But it would come to the ground were it not for the sprightly Miss ADA REEVE singing and dancing as the *Gay Parisienne*, quite the ideal of "perpetual motion," and the fascinations of the fascinating daughter of the Major, represented by Miss VIOLET ELLICOTT. Then the stately Miss EDITH STUART, and other ladies, who can act a little, sing a little, dance a little, and do generally very well a little of everything, all contribute towards the general success.

Besides, there is that extraordinary little person, Miss LOUIE FREER, representing a maid-of-all-work with plenty of play, and reminding everyone forcibly of HAZEL K. BROWN's goblin-like presentation of the *Marchioness*, who, after being bullied and starved by the *Brasses*, was finally washed, costumed, and made presentable in order to become *Mrs. Sciceller*. Miss LOUIE FREER's eccentricities have "caught on," and the house, without exception, applauds to the echo, and redemands five times over this queer little lady's song and her dances. With regard to the overpowering humour of this performance I find myself in a distinct minority. But then, I have the bad taste not to be amused by "LITTLE TICH," let him do his very quaintest. And though Miss FREER is by no means a LITTLE TICH, yet there is something uncanny and goblin-like about her in this "make-up" which is not to my taste. But that it is to the taste of the public is evident, and what's the odds as long as the public is happy?

Mr. IVAN CARTLL's music throughout is light and catchy, but I consider that of his first act is the better. I suppose Mr. CARTLL was compelled to do a "plantation song," and this being so, he has successfully introduced into it as much novelty as possible, in order to differentiate it from other plantation songs, notably "My Honey," sung by MAY YORK. To do something new successfully in this line is a triumph, and composer, as well as Miss ADA REEVE and chorus, well earn the encore awarded them. As to the plot—well, there is a plot, but you must get a detective to go with you and discover it.

The piece, which is in two acts, beginning at eight and ending at eleven, yields a good three hours' entertainment of the Variety-Dramatic-Operatic sort. It can be renewed from time to time with "a little song here and a little song there," being so constructed as to admit the introduction of any possible dance, song, speech, or dialogue, not having the remotest connection with anything that has gone before or anything that may follow. You come away without a headache, without a side-ache, but, thank you, you've had a very pleasant evening.

LITIGATION IN ENGLAND v. QUARRELLING "MADE IN GERMANY."

(Extract from a Coming Romance, "The Last's Rival.")

"SELECT your weapon," said the second.

"Must I really contest this matter?" was the query the unfortunate principal put in reply.

"I am afraid, yes. But you have your choice. Either will do. But one must be chosen."

"Perhaps you can describe them," said the unwilling principal, anxious to gain time.

"With pleasure. This piece of paper is a summons. When you have received it you will be at liberty to reply. You see, you are accused of certain actions bringing with them the possible penalty of heavy damages."

"You say 'possible penalty'; perhaps there is a chance of escape?"

"I am afraid not. You see, you depend upon counsel, judge, and jury, and the odds are against the defendant. You may not be quite fit when you enter the witness box, the barrister entrusted with your cause may be 'devilish' for a more learned and yet absent brother, the judge may be pigheaded, and the jury obstinate. It is as likely as not that the verdict may be against you, and then you will be mulcted in damages, and have to pay two heavy bills of costs."

"And I may be anxious for weeks?"

"Don't stop at weeks—say months. You will go through tortures of doubt and mistrust. And, until it is all over, you will never be able to call your banking account your own."

"And the alternative?" demanded the principal.

"Oh, that is simple enough. It is a German custom. You stand at so many paces distant—and fire. You may certainly find it awkward; but then you are saved from a good deal of agitation and suspense."

The yet reluctant quarreller paused. He glanced first at the paper, and then at the firearm.

"Give me the pistol," he said, at length.

"I think you have decided wisely," replied his second.

And the admission was all the more remarkable, as the last speaker was a solicitor. And not only remarkable, but reprehensible. Of course regarding the matter from a professional point of view.

THE SPRING CLEANING.

By TOUGHARD TIPPLING.

(Copyright in *Newington Butts*, 1896.)

THERE was a spirit of restlessness abroad among the Bungle People. The males looked at each other uneasily, but spake not, wandering hither and thither aimlessly, while their customary cheerfulness was replaced by a gloom—a heavy, dreadful gloom. Indeed, it was as though Fear had spread the shadow of his terrible wings over them. They were cowed, if not crushed, taking no interest in anything; even their betting-books remained unopened; the races tempted them not; and the jovial Bukmahrs mourned. They assembled in the Klubb Groves—where they were wont to resort for noisy discussion of Bungle matters, or for abuse of their common enemy, the monster Inkum-taks—and consulted together awe-struck and in whispers. Only PAH PHAMILLAS once raised his voice to exclaim, in bitter anguish, "Alas! alas! my poor brethren, IT is upon us; let us resign ourselves to the annual season of woe." And a general groan followed. Some, courting slumber, buried their heads in the luxurious leaves of the Times Tree; others sought solace in copious draughts from the exhilarating Besaness Brook which fizzed near at hand.

Now MAH PHAMILLAS and all those of her sex became exceedingly busy, and assumed airs of the utmost importance. No longer did they treat the better-half with usual tenderness and consideration; but made his home uninhabitable, driving him from corner to corner till he knew not where he was. For it was the season when the Female, with her 'Ousemayds and Pahlamayds, is allowed by the inexorable laws of Bungle to have full power over her consort and his habitation. During the time of the Spring Cleaning she is supreme; and none may gainsay her. All the man population of Bungle suffered alike. "Mimsy" and forlorn they remained long hours in the Klubb Groves; but the Bhilyards were lonesome; only the Brook bubbled on. Once PAH PHAMILLAS actually forgot the sadness of the season. Joyfully howling the songs of his youth, he returned to his lair long after the Mylk Bird—whose shriek is a terror—had passed upon its rounds. And MAH PHAMILLAS—who, like the rest of her tribe, loathed the Klubb Groves, fearing the fascinating influence of the Besaness Brook, and would have had them destroyed—was very wroth with him, upbraiding him for a "heartless wretch to come home at that hour; and wasn't he ashamed of himself?" But PAH PHAMILLAS only smiled vaguely, and murmured, "Springclean." Then he stumbled upstairs. And how he suffered the next day, and found the season of the Spring Cleaning more trying than ever must serve for yet another story.



ACCORDING TO THAT HAPPY VOYAGER SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

ALL sun, no cloud; all joy, no grief:
There is no pique at Tenerife.

SUGGESTION FOR A NEW ORDER.—C.B., Commander of the Bicycle.



EXPERIENTIA DOCET.

Proficient Bicyclist. "WELL, OLD CHAP, HOW ARE YOU GETTING ON?"
Commencing Bicyclist. "THANK YOU, NOT BADLY; BUT I FIND I CAN
 GET OFF BETTER."

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

SPRING IN OUR VILLAGE.

In the beautiful weather that Heaven has sent us during these last days Spring has indeed been rushing in upon us with Summer bearing her train. Where only lately gaunt and forbidding boughs tossed sorrowfully in the bleak winds, and the hedgerows were bare and black, there has come, first, a timid glint of delicate green, and then a glorious effulgence. The orchards have taken on their shimmering white robes, and velvet lawns, unparched as yet by any fierce heat, invite the casual saunterer. Life itself seems to have put away all effort, and resigns itself in calm contentment to the cool breath of the morning breeze.

Here, in our quiet village, we seem to have made up our minds to bask and enjoy ourselves. Existence with us lies apart from the stress and struggle of the great world where Ministries battle and diplomatists indite despatches, where the loud roar of the Stock Exchange fills the air, and the street-musician exercises his woeeful calling, where the peaks of Society tempt the armies of the envious to attack, and peace is shattered amid the clash of causes and questions and movements. Of these an echo reaches us now and again, as when we elect our Parish Council, or muzzle our dogs in obedience to the alarmed authorities of our county, but for the most part, as I say, we bask and enjoy ourselves, and feel the stir of spring in our veins without any furious desire to burst away from the easy trammels of our little conventions. Yet it is certainly strange that the dwellers in cities coming for a day or two into our remoteness do not always see and hear as we do. It was only the other day that my friend PAYCE-LYSTER (guard yourself carefully, if you wish for his goodwill, from substituting an "i" for a "y" in his name), who had come to me for a breath of country air, arrived in the breakfast-room on his first morning here with a haggard and desperate expression. "My dear GEORGE," said I, with some concern, "what is the matter with you? You look as if you hadn't slept a wink." "Slept!" he answered, bitterly; "how the deuce is a man to sleep when the blessed sun comes dancing in at his windows in the middle

of the night, and two confounded larks howl and scream outside all the time!" Saying which he plunged morosely into his correspondence from the City, and only broke his silence to say he feared that business would call him back earlier than he had anticipated.

I saw the father of the village sunning himself outside his garden-gate yesterday. How this venerable old gentleman acquired the parental position which our universal consent has assigned to him, I have never been able to discover; for there are in the village men who have not only lived there longer, but are older in years. No doubt the possession of his little freehold counts for something, and a certain old-world courtliness of manner, a hearty friendliness bearing up gallantly under the weight of age, a genial address, a nice conduct of the sturdy stick that supports his steps—all these have their influence. Whatever be the cause, he is acknowledged as the father of the village. It is rumoured of him that he is an Oxford man, and that he once wrote a book. For myself, I have never ventured either to doubt or to inquire into these statements. I accept them as part of the atmosphere in which a father of a village should move and have his being. The salutations we exchange, though always friendly, have never declined into a flippant familiarity. "Good morning, Mr. JACKSON; how pleasant these warm mornings are." "That they are, Sir: it's a God's blessing to be able to move about again without being frozen." "I trust Mrs. JACKSON is better." "Thank you, Sir, she is no worse; we hope that the coming summer may bring her back to health." Such in the past has been the manner of our brief interviews.

BUT on this particular morning I hesitated to approach the kindly old gentleman, for the cold winds of March had broken down his invalid wife's resistance, and ten days before she had been carried to her rest in our little churchyard. Since then I had not seen him, for he had shut himself up in his home to mourn over his loss, and no one had dared to disturb his sorrow. However, I judged he would not resent a friendly word, so I went up to him. "Mr. JACKSON," I began, "I was deeply grieved—" "Thank you, Sir," said the old man, "thank you, but don't say any more. I don't think I could bear it. Ah, Sir, you don't know what it is to me. Forty years we were together, forty years and never an angry word. Look at my little house, Sir; isn't it bright and pretty, with the creepers growing over it, and the windows open to the sun? Well, Sir, to me it's dark, quite dark. I've been through all the rooms over and over again; but I can't bear to stay in it any longer. Forty years, Sir—think of it. Always kind and good. I wish I had gone first; but then, what would she have done? No, it's better as it is, perhaps; but it's a hard blow, and I'm an old man—too old to bear such a blow. What a woman she was! You should have seen her, Sir, when we were both young"—he raised his head, and drew himself up—"always bright and cheerful, always busy, till she took ill. But I was there to help her, and attend to her. And now—Ah, well, Sir, thank you for your kindness; but you see it's hard for an old man to bear." He turned away his face streaming with tears, and walked slowly up the gravel walk. "Thank you, Sir, it was good of you to speak to me; but forty years is a long time, and I can't forget all she was to me."

COMMON OR GARDEN RHYMES.

II.—THE GOOSEBERRY.

In praise of wall-fruit I am
 dumb,
 For me the peach may rot,
 For me unheeded bloom the plum,
 Safe hang the apricot.
 With JESS I've brotherly dispute,
 We never can agree,
 About the most delightful fruit—
 The gooseberry for me.

The early strawberry I hate,
 A hot-house *tour de force*,
 The vine I'd even extirpate
 Without the least remorse:
 A pineapple's peculiar charm
 I never yet could see,
 A humbler fruit must bear the
 palm—
 The gooseberry for me.

And as for cherries, I refuse
 The sweetest Kentish "hearts,"
 Red currants I will only use
 With raspberries in tarts:
 No apple tempts me as a rule,
 However crisp it be,
 I do not care for rhubarb "fool"—
 The gooseberry for me.

So, when AMANDA comes to stay
 In summer-time with JESS,
 We often down the garden stray,
 A trio, I confess.
 And JESS (dear JESS goes off to
 look
 For pears—a special tree
 That grows in some far distant
 nook—
 The gooseberry for me!

CORRECT DEFINITION OF THE FRENCH AND GERMAN TERRITORY
 BEHIND OUR AFRICAN COLONIES.—Hinder-land.



IN A GOOD CAUSE.

Lady Member of the Girls' Friendly Society. "I WANT TO SEE HARRIET BROWN. IS SHE IN?" Page-boy (pointing to area gate). "VISITORS FOR MISS BROWN THAT WAY, PLEASE."

NEW RULES FOR CYCLISTS.

I.—WHAT SOME OTHER PEOPLE WOULD LIKE.

CYCLING to be included in the prohibitory clauses of the "Spurious Sports" Bill.

Every cycle-rider to pay a tax of fifty per cent. on the total income that he would have if every mile ridden brought him in a sovereign, and every tinkle of his bell a ten-pound note.

Nobody to cycle without a license, issued by the Governor of Newgate, after a fortnight's strict examination (on bread and water) in elementary mechanics, advanced hydrostatics, riding on the head down an inclined plane, and the *obiter dicta* of all the Judges on compensation in accident cases.

Any person found riding without such a

license to receive a minimum penalty of ten years' penal servitude, followed by police supervision for the rest of his natural life.

If caught on, with, or under a cycle within fifty miles of any town of five thousand inhabitants, the culprit to be fined a hundred guineas and bound over in his own recognisances to abandon cycling and take to golf instead.

When a cyclist on any road sees, or has reason to believe that he might see if he chose to look, any horse, cart, carriage, gig, or other vehicle, or any pedestrian approaching, he (or she) to instantly dismount, run the machine into the nearest ditch, and kneel in a humble and supplicating attitude till the said horse, cart, &c., has got at least a mile away.

Every cyclist to be presumed, in all legal proceedings, to be a reckless idiot and on the

wrong side of the road, unless he can bring conclusive evidence to the contrary.

All tourists on wheels to report themselves at every police station they pass. If unvaccinated, they may be taken to the nearest doctor and compulsorily inoculated with any old lymph or "anti-cyclin serum" he may have handy. Baptismal certificates to be carried in the bag or on the person: penalty for non-compliance, twenty-five lashes with a pneumatic cat, well laid on.

II.—WHAT ALL CYCLISTS WOULD LIKE.

Cyclists to be given a special track on all roads, quite half the width of the thoroughfare, and well asphalted: the expense to be met by a general tax on vehicles propelled otherwise than by foot.

In case of any accident, coachmen and car-drivers to be bound over to keep the pieces, and supply a brand-new machine.

All vehicles of every description to at once skedaddle up side streets when a lady cyclist is descried in the offing on a main road.

No bells, horns, or lamps in future to be required. Pedestrians to keep to the sidewalks or take the consequences. Cyclists to have the right to use the sidewalks as much as they like, and at any pace.

The City streets to be cleared of traffic and left as practising-grounds for new wheelmen and wheelwomen.

Rate-supported stations (with free meals) for blowing up burst tyres to be provided on all roads.

Cycles (and cyclists) to travel free by rail.

And, finally, any person reasonably suspected of not owning a cycle or being about to get one to pay a fine of five thousand pounds to the Exchequer, be handed over to the Lunacy Commissioners, and detained during HER MAJESTY'S pleasure.

GRASSE.

O GRASSE, I thought that thou wast sweet,
So sweet to eye and nose alike!
I started, eager for the treat,
By train much slower than a bike.

Thy train from charming Cannes I see
Is meant, by its delay, to call
Attention to the fact that we
Had better never go at all.

I climbed thy hill, as I was told
Thy view was marvellously fine;
Thy barracks, frightful to behold,
Would spoil a view much more divine.

I saw thy dusty, dismal streets,
Thy graceless church, and then I went
To see the sweetest of thy sweets,
A manufactory of scent.

Alas, sweet perfumes of the rose
Or lily I had not to face!
An oily smell assailed my nose.

The scent of Grasse is scent of *graisse*.

O dusty, evil-smelling town,
O grassless, graceless Grasse, all *graisse*,
I do not want to run thee down,
But thou art not a pleasant place!

Then, sleekless wretch, quite bored by thee,
I sought thy station to await
Thy train, which always seems to be
Three quarters of an hour late.

One moment's joy was mine that day;
It was when thy belated train,
O Grasse, at last took me away!
I never shall come back again!

TURFOLOGY.—"The chance of *St. Frusquin* winning the Derby is threatened by *Teufel*." Evidently "the Devil a saint would be."



“THE HORSE AND THE LOADED ASS.”

“A MAN WHO KEPT A HORSE AND AN ASS WAS WONT IN HIS JOURNEY TO SPARE THE HORSE AND PUT ALL THE BURDEN UPON THE ASS’S BACK.”
[See Right Hon. Henry Chaplin’s edition of “Punch’s Fables”—to be continued.]



THE MOUNTED PEDESTRIAN'S
VADE MECUM.

(Compiled by a Prejudiced Pro-
moter who Objects to Cycles in
the Park.)

Question. Is the new manner
of riding in the Drive attractive?
Answer. Certainly not; as the
up-to-date velocipedist seldom
possesses grace, and nearly in-
variably lacks comfort.

Q. Is there not constantly an
expression of care upon the
countenances of cyclists?

A. Very frequently; and this
aspect would cause mirth, did it
not suggest approaching afflic-
tion.

Q. What is the meaning of
a "spill" to a votary of the
wheel?

A. Any upset; from the first,
requiring the services of a
medical student, to the last,
demanding the recognition of a
coroner.

Q. Does a male rider appear
to advantage mounted on wheels?

A. Never; and when he scales
fourteen stone or more, the pic-
ture he presents is pitiable.

Q. Does a lady-rider who
takes her hands from the guid-
ing-iron and progresses solely
with the assistance of her feet
deserve commendation?

A. Distinctly not; as her per-
formance invites disaster, and
is merely suggestive of the pre-
liminary antics of an "extra
turn" at a fourth-rate music-
hall.

Q. Should a general-officer
ride a cycle?

A. Not within view of the
barracks, as no sentry could
salute him with a feeling of
sincere respect.



TOUJOURS PERDRIX!

Jacky (just back from his first day at School). "OH, SCHOOL IS A JOLLY
PLACE, AUNT MAUD. I WAS NEVER SO HAPPY IN ALL MY LIFE!"
"YOU'LL LIKE IT EVEN BETTER TO-MORROW, JACKY!"
"TO-MORROW! HAVE I GOT TO GO AGAIN TO-MORROW!"
"WHY NOT, SINCE YOU'RE SO HAPPY THERE!"
"AH, YES—BUT I DON'T WANT TO MAKE A HABIT OF IT, YOU KNOW!"

Q. Should a judge or magis-
trate progress on wheels?

A. Not when the police are
about, as the performance would
be calculated to prejudice the
dignity appropriate to the Bench.

Q. Who are the chief bene-
factors by the craze for cycling?

A. The Coventry manufac-
turers and London doctors.

Q. Is there any explanation
for the apparently accident-
inviting and mirth-provoking
movement?

A. Yes; one that is less a so-
lution than an excuse—"it's
the fashion!"

Land Ho!

(By a Disappointed Town-Dueller.)

JOE once insisted, in a manner
handsome,

That Land should pay the land-
less heavy ransom;

But now—most paradoxical of
fates!

The landless must pay half
Land's "local rates."

It once was held as worthy of
belief

That one should "set a thief
to catch a thief."

But now I fancy we should un-
derstand it:

"The greatest foe of ransom's
an ex-bandit!"

PARADOX (as it strikes a Venal
Voter).—With his cash at least
a Conservative is sometimes
vastly Liberal, and a Liberal
tremendously Conservative.

SPRING THOUGHT, BY A FLO-
RIST.—The finest field for the
growth of primroses is—Bea-
consfield.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

ON JOHN SMITH'S *Platonic Affections*, the most recent of the
"Key-Note Series," published by JOHN LANE of Vigo Street, the
Baron's opinion is that the story is thoroughly interesting as long as
we are concerned only in the history of two lovers, a couple of noodles



old enough to know better, who, not
believing in themselves as lovers and
wishing to live together as brother and
sister, became man and wife in order to
avoid scandalising Mrs. Grundy. The
dialect conversations are probably ex-
cellent, but to the majority of readers
not up in the Lingo of Lippert, this
portion of the book becomes rather
wearisome. To sum up, this book is an
example of excellent material inartistic-
ally made up.

Briseis, who gives her name to Mr.
BLACK's last novel, just published by
SAMPSON LOW, will take her place in
the front rank of the fair women of
whom the novelist has dreamed. She is,

in quite another way, as charming as the Princess in Thule. Mr. BLACK
has struck a fresh note in bringing his heroine from Greece, though,
as usual, he plants her out in Scotland, and lends her on long visits
to London. Besides *Briseis*, herself a perfect work of art, the story
is full of human people, beginning with the Greek girl's old uncle
the naturalist, including delightful Aunt Jean and detestable
Aunt Clara. The novel is published in a single six-shilling volume;
a new departure, my Baroness thinks, for Mr. BLACK. The arrange-
ment will give early opportunity to tens of thousands to read a
delightful book. The Baron recommends *The Flaw in the Marble*
in HUTCHINSON & Co.'s Leisure Library. Well written, interesting,
likewise handy for pocketing, honestly. B.

GOLDIE.

Mr. John Haviland Dashwood Goldie, the famous Cambridge oarsman,
who led his University Eight to victory on three several and successive
occasions, died on April 12, aged 47.

GOLDIE gone, true, "gentle GOLDIE," genial man, and glorious
"stroke."

Who the nine-year spell of evil fortune for Cam's champions broke,
Stroking them three times to triumph! Sure the nymphs of sedgy
Cam

(If young Titans of to-day will tolerate poetic flam)

Mourn a later LYCIDAS! Upon his all too early bier

Many manly hearts at least will drop the fond, regretful tear;

Followers of the Cambridge fortunes will remember with what
pride

They beheld, in Eighteen Seventy, gallant GOLDIE turn the tide
Of the Light Blues' long defeats; and how the thronged Thames
reaches rang

With the shouts of ancient Cantabs. Worthier hero never sang
Muscle-praising modern PINDAR. Cambridge needs a GOLDIE now.

And when next her "ship," well captained, pushes home a winning
prow—

May it be next year!—fond memories on her grand old stroke will
dwell,

Dreaming that they hear his shout amidst the mob's mellifluous yell.
Good as gold must be that Captain! Echo answers "It will do

If he be as good as GOLDIE!" All survivors of his crew,

All his friends—and who shall count them?—hive his memory in
their hearts.

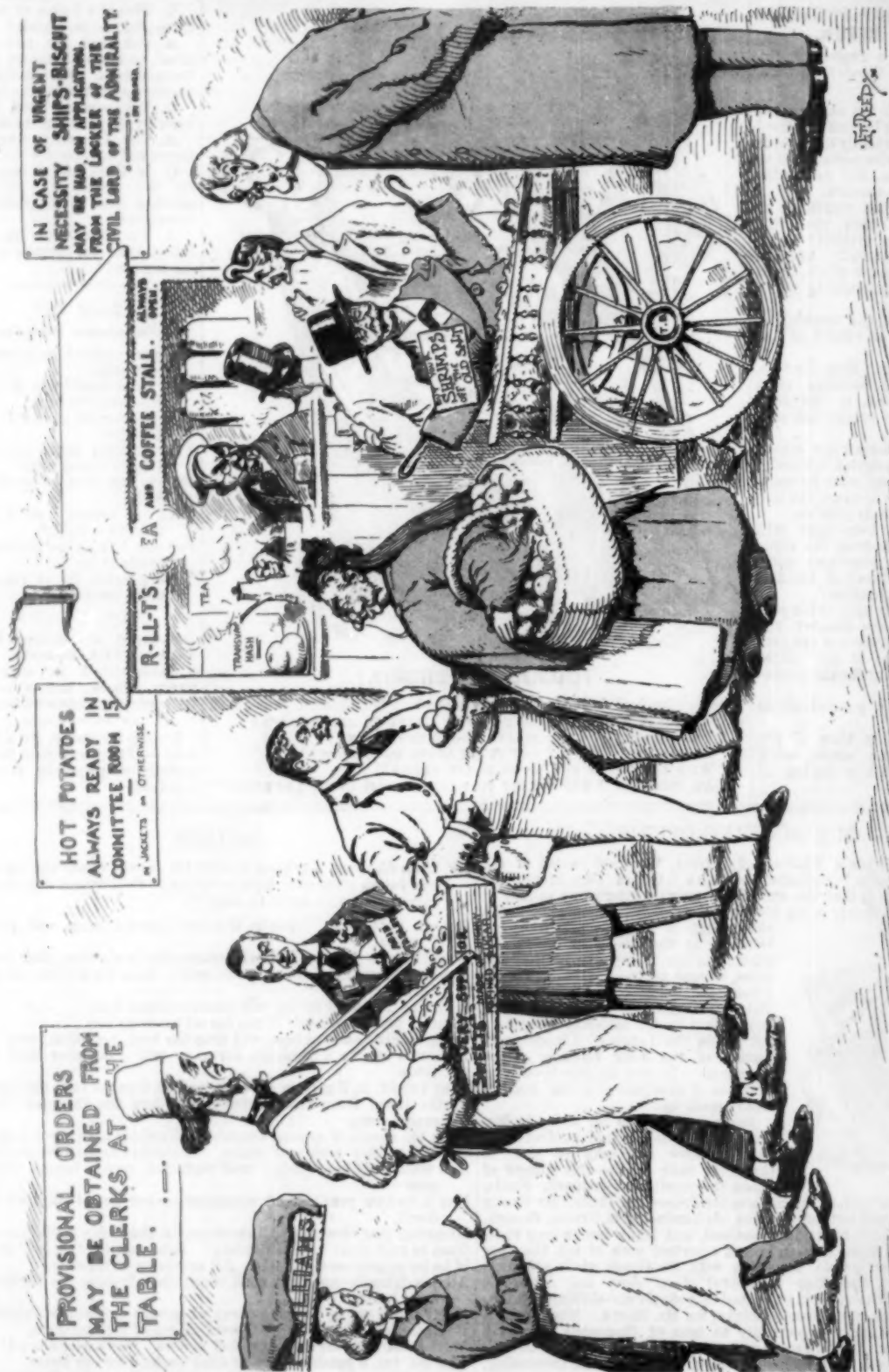
Every brave young Briton mourns when such a champion departs.

Enviably fate, my masters! Loved all round and unforget,

With fixed name on a great roll of victors. 'Tis a glorious lot!

Had we, too, a parsley crown or olive garland for our brave,

These with honour might be laid most fittingly on GOLDIE's grave!



"GOING INTO 'SUPPLY'!"

OWING TO THE PROSPECTIVE COLLAPSE OF THE KITCHEN ARRANGEMENTS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS THERE IS LIKELY TO BE AN OPENING FOR ENTERPRISING INDIVIDUALS OF THE LOCALITY TO FURNISH HON. MEMBERS WITH THE MEANS OF SUBSISTENCE AT CHEAP RATES!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TONY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 20.—GRANDOLPH used to say, "CHAPLIN's speeches would be first-rate if he would only sit down before he began his peroration." That was, however, merely jealousy. No one would like to have missed peroration to-night in speech introducing Agricultural Rating Bill. It came a little suddenly after matter-of-fact lucid explanation of details of Bill. But how full-toned it was; how rotund; how reminiscent of DIZZY, just now, from his pedestal in Parliament Square, looking down over the poor faded primroses with sardonic smile on the gaping crowd that blocks the pavement. To see the Farmer's Friend fling on the table the last sheet of the manuscript notes of his speech was most convincing. BURKE and his dagger cast on floor of House a puny performance by comparison. And then the Jovialike frown on his usually smiling countenance when he resumed his seat was worth another shilling in the pound to the ruined farmer.

"Glad you liked my speech, Tony," he said. "Fancy there is,

as you say, a touch of the antique about its style. But I wish I could do even more for the famishing farmer. Often I think, when I come out of the Amphitryon, after a bread-and-cheese lunch, how would it be suppose I were to sit down on the pavement, and, as representative of the agricultural class, display a card bearing the legend 'I am starving'? Don't you think that would fetch 'em? I'm told there's a great run just now on living pictures."

"Capital idea," said SARK, who's always ready to answer for other people. "You were made for the part. Your haggard cheek, your attenuated form, your curved-in chest, your general appearance of tasting meat only once a week, and then in the form of bacon, always seem to me to mark you out for a model Minister of Agriculture in times of exceptional depression. It added to-night to the picturesqueness of your speech. You'd make an immense hit in the character you suggest. Be sure you plant out your hat brim uppermost, like the other fellows who draw landscapes and sea pieces on the pavement. You'll get more coppers than you can conveniently carry home."

"Hum," said CHAPLIN, looking dubiously at SARK.

Business done.—Agricultural Rating Bill brought in. Danced on by FOWLER and SQUIRE OF MALWOOD.

Thursday.—Dr. TANNER is beginning to think there's something uncanny about the SPEAKER. Long practice has enabled him to wrestle with Chair, whether it be filled by SPEAKER of Chairman. But he likes business conducted according to ordinary rules of the ring.

"I don't mind being occasionally suspended," he said. "It brings one's name well to the front, and supplies an opportunity of spending eight hours at the sea-side. Also, I have grown accustomed to being ordered to resume my seat just when, after a quarter of an hour's gabble, I am beginning to approach my subject. Moreover, it is quite common for a motion to be declared carried when I have for some moments bawled out 'No!' Those are ordinary experiences of a Member of my legislative habits. But when half-a-dozen fellows jump up to second an amendment, to have the SPEAKER fix upon you in particular as the seconder, and when, half an hour later, you come in prepared with a speech that shall further block business, for him to say you have already spoken—well, now, that's what I call hitting below the belt."

Incident certainly a little hard upon Member of TANNER's industrious habits. Motion before House was that Grand Committee on Law might sit till four o'clock, instead of observing usual practice of adjourning in time for meeting of House. Benefices Bill has stuck in throat of Grand Committee. Church and Nonconformity wrangling round it. Never get through unless Grand Committee works overtime. Nonconformity objects. Dr. TANNER, attraction

of row irresistible, takes off coat, tumbles in, and whirls ahilallelu to common danger of friend and enemy. LLOYD-GEORGE moves overtime shall cease at half-past three instead of four. TANNER springs up to second Amendment. Two or three other light hearts below Gangway carol to same tune. SPEAKER lies low and says nuffin. Presently TANNER, believing that as so many had risen to second Amendment he was free from responsibility, began his speech.

"Order! Order!" said the SPEAKER; "the hon. Member has already spoken."

"No, Sir," said TANNER, with air of conviction, for he had only been shouting.

"The hon. Member seconded the amendment."

"No, Sir," insisted the Doctor; "it was the hon. Member behind me."

"Several Members rose, and I took the seconding of the hon. Member;" and the SPEAKER forthwith put the question.

TANNER temporarily subsided; House roared with laughter; at least a quarter of an hour of precious time saved.

Business done.—Budget resolutions agreed to.

Friday.—Member for South Monaghan consumed with thirst for

knowledge. Whenever Carrickmacross can spare the Chairman of its Town Commissioners, he comes up to Westminster, and floods paper with questions. In the Chief Secretary's office he is known as *The Daily Inquirer*. Amongst questions in to-day's paper standing in his name is one "to ask the Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland if he is aware that national school teachers have, out of their own pockets, to supply maps, tablets, school pictures, and charts."

Assuming question is based on fact, here is fresh injustice to Ireland. Why should national school teachers in that country be thus inconveniently loaded? Some of them, SARK tells me, live long distances from scene of their labours; have to trudge to and fro daily. Why should they be required to bulge forth their pockets with maps, tablets, school pictures, and charts ready to meet capricious demand of school-children?

The form of Mr. DALY's question suggests a way out of the difficulty. As he puts it, it is "out of their own pockets" the hapless teachers have to procure these articles, some of them (charts and school pictures) of considerable bulk. There might be someone else's pocket out of which they might take them; the county Member's or the Chairman of the Town Commissioners', for example. But that obviously only modification of a difficulty that really seems arbitrarily created. In England or Scotland the schoolroom would be fitted up with cupboards or drawers in which these indispensable articles might be stored, to be drawn upon in case of need. The Member for South Monaghan has called attention to a real grievance, which GERALD BALFOUR, still anxious to kill Home Rule by kindness, will do well to remove.

Business done.—Scotch Votes in Committee of Supply.

IN NUCE.

ONE man's "noise" is oft another's "music";
And what delights the many makes the few sick.
"Relieve the few, and yet not rob the many,"
Is the lawmaker's aim—if not a zany.

GEOGRAPHICAL ITEM.—The town of Grasse is celebrated for its floriculture: it is also "where the widows come from."

THE WAY OF THE WHISKEY-DRINKER.

THE only "Water Question" I will watch,
Is—how much should man mix with "Special Scotch"?

FIVE-O'CLOCK "TEES."—Suburban golf.



AGRICULTURAL DEPRESSION.

AN APRIL SHOWER.

SWEET BAB and I
Sat under a tree,
Oh, blue was the sky
And the wind blew free.
Our cheeks were close,
But she little heeded;
Hers flushed like a rose.
Mine paled, as I pleaded
For—maybe you'll guess.
Ah! bad luck is a bore.
Had I but said less,
Or, perhaps, done more,
All had yet been well.
But—my chance was gone;
The free wind fell,
And the rain came on.
She sighed "It thunders!"
I hadn't a "brolly."
Alas for the blunders
Of human folly!
I huffed, she tified;
How the rain did pelt!
I frowned, she sniffed.
Ah! she would not melt.
Her eyes of blue,
Like the sky, were veiled.

Such chill showers, too!
One had sworn it hailed.
I hailed—a cab.
Dull, dreary, damp,
We sulked. Sweet BAB!
For the lack of a 'gamp,
I lost that kiss
And thee, too, alas!
The chance we miss
Comes never more back.
Rain, soft Spring rain!
As you wet the leaves,
With repentance vain
One broods and grieves.
And the other? Faith!
She is rich and gay,
And she shows small scathe;
Yet methinks to-day,
When by chance we met
In the lime-tree walk,
With the small rain wet,
That, though blithe our talk,
She felt, as I,
The malignant power
Of a word awry,
And an April shower.

AS IT MAY BE.

"... a solution of the difficulty might, perhaps, be found in empanelling, at a reasonable rate of remuneration, some of the unemployed members of the Junior Bar as special jurors."—*Daily Press*.]

Mr. Justice Jawsley (summing up case to jury of Barristers). In deciding upon the momentous issues involved in the case now before you, gentlemen, it will be for you, in the first place, to say—

A Juror (rising in the box). Pardon me, my Lord, it will be for you, in the first place, to say whether you intend to hold that the communication made by A. to B. is privileged or not. (Slight applause from rest of panel.)

Mr. Justice Jawsley (rather taken aback). I—er—well, you see, gentlemen, I—I was coming to that in due course; but if you prefer me to deal with it now, I may tell you that there is a case which settles the law upon that point conclusively. In *Tomkyns v. Trout* it was laid down by no less an authority than Mr. Justice—

Foreman of the Jury (interrupting). Your Lordship is evidently unaware that *Tomkyns v. Trout*—which I may mention for your Lordship's guidance is reported in 10 Queen's Bench Division, page 392—has since been over-ruled in the Court of Appeal, see 2 Appeal Cases, New Series, page 1263.

Mr. Justice Jawsley (rubbing his spectacles, nervously). Oh, indeed, indeed—er—yes—thank you very much. I had overlooked that, but I dare say the Foreman of the jury is quite right. Well, then—let me see—where was I? Oh, yes, I remember. This action is one brought for the express purpose—

Another Juror. Pardon the interruption, my Lord, but my colleagues in the box and myself are all agreed that it would be sheer waste of time to go into that matter, and travel all over the same ground again. We know perfectly well what the action is all about. We are only waiting to know if your Lordship has any new light to throw upon the subject. We do not suppose you have. Still, we are willing to wait and see.

Mr. Justice Jawsley. I—I thank you. The question of privilege is, of course, one for me to decide, and I have no hesitation in holding that, on the authority of *Baker v. Johnson*—

A Juror (from the back of the box). Then what about *Somers v. Smart*?

His Lordship. Really, really, gentlemen, this is most irregular. If you will kindly permit me to sum up this case in the ordinary way—thank you. Perhaps I had better first deal with the testimony given by the witness C. He is a clerk in the employ of the Plaintiff, and what he says, in effect, is this, that on receipt of the—

Foreman of the Jury. We need not trouble your Lordship on that point. It would not in any case be evidence against the Defendant.

Mr. Justice Jawsley (surprised). But if his act was within the scope of his authority—

Foreman (imperturbably). It wasn't. It was ultra vires. See *Bryce*, page 1408.

His Lordship (bursting into tears). Then, perhaps, Gentlemen, you had better take this matter entirely into your own hands; I seem to be quite superfluous here.

Foreman (in kindly tones). Oh, I don't know that. Your Lordship certainly is a trifle obsolete—a fact to which, I fear, we shall

have to call attention in a rider to any verdict we may return. Perhaps we had better settle the matter without you.

[They retire to consider their verdict, whilst Mr. Justice Jawsley is removed from the Bench in a state of collapse.]

NOTES OF AN AFTERNOON'S "AMUSEMENT."

WIND blowing a hurricane, with occasional heavy showers. Still, it won't do not to appear at the "meet" of the bicycle paper-chase in which the JOCKEYS have asked me to take part. Accordingly, mount my machine and ride through three miles of mud. Find about two dozen riders assembled at the meet, including four or five ladies; likewise a crowd of rustics, who greet each fresh arrival with loud cheers and personal remarks. Some delay in starting the hares. There were to have been an 'are and 'ares, but the latter declines to go, so a gentleman takes her place. At last the hares ride off amid a whirlwind of scraps of paper. Ten minutes' "law" to be given them—great excitement. Forty-five seconds before we are to start, Miss BROWN asks me kindly to inflate her tyre for her. Refuse firmly. Starter drops a flag, and a seething mass of bicycles rushes headlong downhill. Can only escape collision by a miracle. Miss BROWN charges straight for my hind-wheel. Elude her, and in so doing nearly knock over several others. More bumps from behind. Wish that I had one of the insurance-newspapers in my pocket, expecting every minute to be smashed up. However, we all get away somehow.

Road going uphill now, with gale full in our faces, should like to walk up this hill, but too proud to do so. Glance at the faces of my fellow—"hounds" nearest me. They don't look as if they were enjoying themselves. One unknown gentleman wastes his breath in talking to his bike as if it were a horse. "Come up, you beast. . . Would you, then. . . Come up, confound you." Just in front is a curate, with a very high stiff white collar; as we proceed, collar gets gradually limper. Still going uphill. Wind worse than ever. Begin to wish to exchange present position for a nice comfortable treadmill. Someone asks me if I have "seen any scent." Tell him not to be a fool. Afterwards discover that the paper dropped by the hares is called "scent." . . . Still going uphill. Ask a rustic whether he has seen the hares. Idiot answers, "Naw, an' naw rabbits neither." Reach cross-roads. Which way are we to turn? Refuse to ride against this wind any longer, and so make off to the right. Presently find that that right is wrong, and have to come back again. Why, everyone has stopped—has anyone been killed? No, the hares have been caught. Fresh pair despatched. Stragglers come up from behind. Everyone dismounts, and says what a delightful ride we are having. Wish I knew the way home.

Off again, still uphill. "Hounds" go off in every direction, intending, I expect, to sneak home. Suddenly the chain of one machine breaks in half, with surprising results. Another gentleman takes a corner too sharply, comes down and cuts himself badly. Interval for refreshment and bandages. Only four of us together by this time, the rest scattered all over the county, trying to find their way home. The hares, as we learn subsequently, almost kill themselves by racing for about twenty miles, laying elaborate false tracks, and riding at their utmost speed. As a matter of fact, no one at all is now pursuing them. Those of us whose machines haven't been smashed up ride slowly home. The remains of one are left at the nearest house, to be forwarded by Parcel Post. Am nearly killed by my companion mistaking her right hand for her left on the way home. However, we get back at last, and the rest struggle in at intervals. Then we drink to the success of the glorious sport of bicycle paper-chasing.

Pity a Poor (Liberal) Leader.

(By one who, if not the Rose (very), has been near it.)

DEAR me! I had thought that the public was quite in love with Arnoldian "Sweetness and Light"; But I seem to put the quidnuncs in a twitter, Unless—as a speaker—I'm "Heavy and Bitter."

THE NEW CAMPUS MARTIUS.—Judging by the *Daily Telegraph*, "our War Correspondent" stops at home to report on the troops starting for the battle-field. It may therefore be laid down that inspection is the better part of valour.

A SPRING EXHIBITION.—A cat jumping over a wall.



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